or another. And having given her sixt the beneal of Anne took her letter up hertily and put it away with a blash and tremot. These sacred interaces with a blash and them. The sacred interaces with a blash and them. The sacred interaces with a blash and them. The sacred interaces with a blash and the sacred interaces with a blash and the sacred interaces and it is sacred into the sacred interaces. The sacred interaces with a master of the sacred interaces with a most content of the sacred interaces with a sacred interace with a master of the sacred interaces with a sacred interace with a sacred with a sacred with a sacred interace with a sacred wi

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own case, or something cise happens. I know you think a great deal more of our privileges than they deserve.

'We are taught to do so,' said Anne. 'We are taught that all our best time is when we are young, but that it is different with a man. A man, so to speak, never grows old.'

'One knows what that means. He is supposed to be able to marry at any age. And so he is—somebody. But, if you will reflect, few men want to marry somebody. They want to marry one individual person, who, so far as my experience goes, is very often, most generally I should say, not for them. Do you think it is a consolation for the man who wants to marry Ethelinda, that probably Walburgha might have him if he asked her! I don't see it. You see he vervely historical I am in my names.'

'They are both Mountford names,' said Anne; 'but very severe—archeological, rather than historical.' And then they came out on the other side and were silent coming to the broad stretch of the park on which Mr. Mountford's accident took place. They walked along very silently with a sort of mournful fellowship between them. So far as this went there was nobody in the world with whom Anne could feel so much in common. His mind was full of melancholy recollections as he walked along the crisp and crackling grass. He seemed to see the quiet evening shadowa, the lights in the windows, and to hear the tranquil voice of the father of the family pointing out the welcome which the old house seemed to give: and then the stumble, the fall, the cry; and the long, long watch in the dark, so near help—the struggles of the horse—the still-

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Adelina Patti's chief amassment at Craig-y-Nos is derived from driving a spirited team of ponies about the country, which is "all up and down" in every direction, a hundred yards of level road being hereabouts as great a rarity as a dameing dolphin in Procadilly. She is a capital whip, and on the best of terms with her four-footed vassals.

"Sam," her especial favorite, is a pony of considerable parts and strong individuality. He lives in a loose box, from which he commands a view of the kitchen windows, and has made it his business to discover the secret of his stable-door lock. Every morning, when he first catches sight of his particular friend, the cordon bleu, he opens his door, walks composedly across the yard—there is no indecent haste about "Sam"—ascends the kitchen steps, and presents himself with the assurance of a welcome visitor in the penetralis of the culinary sanctum. His presence having received due acknowledgment in the shape of a succulent carrot, or, haply, a crisp lump of loaf sugar, he gravely retraces his steps to his domicile, with the somewhat self-satisfied air of an epicurean philosopher whose just requirements have been promptly and exhaustively attended to.

alow fire for half an hear, and let it cool. Line pie dishes with fine puff paste, pour in the apple mixture, and baka, without upper crust, in a quick oven. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve when perfectly cold.

MR. SPURGEON AT HIS COUNTRY HOME.

Prom a London Letter to The National Baptist.
Mr. Spurgeon kindly deaired me to come to his home on Saturday afternoon, April 16, from three to six, and have a cup of tea. He added: "You must go away at six, because I must get ready for Sunday, and I never allow anything to interfere with that."

So, on Saturday, I took the London, Chathau and Dover Railway for Upper Norwood. "Crystal Mahone's men could not be sarpussed.